

4:30 A.M. Sept. 13, '30

Dear Family:-

Am doing my usual stunt of getting some work done early in the day, having visited the Greek's and put a first breakfast inside. We are running down to Swarthmore today, May, Binks, and I, and will drop the youngster there to find out what it is like to be a freshman. Gee, I would like to be a freshman once more! "Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan" and all that sort of stuff.

This very brief community is to give notice of a change in the location of the portion of the Curtis tribe left here. Last week I motored to Chicago with Binks and Burns to take in the astronomical meetings there, stopping at Ann Arbor at their request to give them some advice on selecting a director there. Except for the fact that I had to have a tooth pulled at A.A., and that a hard decision was put up to me which practically spoiled things for me, the trip was pleasant.

The president and dean at A.A. attacked me, foot, horse, and guns, to come there myself and be director. They are planning to move their observatory about 18 miles out of A.A. and spend about half a million on it, with a large reflector. Duty to my alma mater and to astronomy, etc. Write my own ticket as to salary. A couple of good friends who are influential supporters of the U. of M. observatory added their pressure as well.

It has been a heck of a decision; though the opportunities will be great, I have had such a happy, care-free and independent life here that it seemed impossible to leave. In fact, I had earlier told a U. of M. scout that I was too happy here to consider leaving. But the proposition there is a big one, and my mechanical leanings perhaps give me some aptitude for the job of building an observatory the way it ought to be built.

So yesterday I wired them that I would come. I have yet to break the news to my trustees and expect they will raise a howl; hate to write that letter. I am planning to take over on October 15th; rather short notice, and will probably mean that I leave May here and come back to collect her and the household Lares and Penates; these are even now being scanned by May with dubious eye, as to what of the junk to take and what to leave. Funny part of it is that I do not know what the salary will be; am leaving it to them, with the understanding that, in view of the expense of pulling up stakes and making a new start, it shall be an increase over what I get here. Will live at the residence attached to the observatory till the new plant on a 160 acre tract bordering a small lake is under way. Making the decision has made me rather miserable for two weeks. But in my usual way, having made it, I feel as relieved as when the bad tooth was pulled, and am anxious to get started in the new job. Since I am 58, both sides are taking a bit of a chance, but they seem to want me, and would not listen to my panegyrics on the qualities of certain younger men I had gone up there to praise.

With love,

Dad